

# Dissect the process beast

by Jennifer August

A quick gander at the writings of many Canadian feminists provokes the nagging suspicion that women in this country are overly preoccupied with the trials and tribulations of the past. While politically correct libraries stockpile literature on the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, when women organized for suffrage and property rights, until now there has been no concerted effort to piece together the experience of second wave feminists—those women faced with the repercussions of mainstreaming the women's movement. Enter *Feminist Organizing for Change*, a recent release by three feminist academics.

Despite the ivory tower overtones, the book is short on laborious rhetoric and long on critical analysis. It is the first to look at Canadian feminism over the past three decades—its history, forms of organization, ideology and success and failures in achieving change.

Nancy Adamson, a lecturer in women's studies at UofT, Linda Briskin, women's studies prof at York, and Margaret McPhail, a secondary school teacher in Toronto, are all socialist feminists. Being good feminists, they spend the first twenty or so pages discussing how this has defined their approach—reinforcing the old adage that while men enjoy writing about the dangerous cloak of objectivity in the social sciences, it is women who more regularly practice what they preach.

"This book goes beyond simply analyzing the task the women's movement faces in making change," they write. "It is also a call for activism. It tries to show that 'believing in equal rights' is not enough: to make change, women need to both identify themselves as feminists and recognize the need to organize."

The authors maintain that examining the self-organization of women is more productive than simply writing about issues which effect women. As a result, their book digs into the practice of grassroots activism, asking how feminists have gone about doing what they do, what

has gone wrong, and why.

At a time when feminism seems to be polarized in replication of the mainstream political spectrum with both liberal feminist and radical feminist programs producing no more than inertia, Adamson, Briskin and McPhail want to inject a little strategic thinking.

## Feminist process

*Feminist Organizing for Change* tackles the internal problems many feminists have been conscientiously avoiding. Feminist rhetoric has been busy rebounding off the notion of 'process' in recent years, subjecting countless women to hours of haranguing and bickering over how to do things. According to the authors, this is one of the chief reasons women are often unable to organize and take decisive action.

*Feminist Organizing for Change* takes a long, hard look at this preoccupation, arguing that grass-roots feminists have often become caught up in the organizational process itself and obscured the larger political goals of the organization.

There is, of course, no one feminist model of organization, but most do share certain features in common: collective organization, no leadership, rotation of administrative tasks, agreement by consensus, and an emphasis upon personal experience.

The preoccupation with process emerged from the experiences of many women in organizations of the 1960s social movements—they made the startling revelation that sexism wasn't limited to liberals and fascists. They set about building alternatives.

Adamson, Briskin and McPhail claim that while the theory of feminist process started as a politic of disengagement, the practice was often one of marginalization. The refusal to recognize or validate leadership resulted in a more dangerous and covert personalism—informal decision making was made by an 'in' group through personal contacts and discussions outside the larger group. As a result, many women were effectively ostracized.

"Experienced women often came to feel they were mis-

trusted because of their skills," they write. "Skilled women who could provide practical and theoretical leadership were frequently accused of being elitist or too theoretical, adopting male models, attempting to control the group, being power-hungry, and so on."

Dismissing leadership and the diversity of individual skills went hand in hand with rejecting education as inherently middle-class and androcentric. "The result has been that the women's movement has discarded education and teaching in much the same way we rejected leadership, instead of putting forward a popular education model that could have used the insights gained from consciousness-raising groups without denying the need for teachers and the differences in our experiences."

The authors' final attack is against the wide-spread tendency in women's groups to avoid conflict. Popular feminist perceptions of disagreement as destructive to a group's unity has made conflict avoidance a top priority in many organizations. This leaves them responding to conflict in one of two ways, either by minimizing the importance of dealing with conflict and maximizing the importance of 'getting on with it', or by amplifying the import of conflict resolution and turning political conflicts into personal ones.

The authors' argument strikes at the heart of 1980s radical feminist practice, and while they don't disparage the positive impact of its community-based focus, the authors do challenge radical feminists to launch their own self-critique.

## The ideology of change

A 1988 survey lists approximately 1500 women's organizations representing nearly four million women across the country. Despite the proliferation of such organizations, feminists are frustrated—

"Participation in collective action is seen as a direct challenge to the system of representative democracy, since by definition such action implies that the government is not a neutral arbiter of the public will, and that unless challenged, it will act in the vested interests of men, capital, and corporations."

The authors claim Canada is particularly

conducive to the development of socialist feminism. We have no large, popular, or legitimate parliamentary communist or socialist party—so socialist feminism here is not as polarized out of the women's movement

as it has been in other countries where it is preoccupied with sorting out its relationship to the left. Conversely, it hasn't been forced to sort its own problems out (lesbian socialist-feminist or socialist lesbian-feminist?)

Adamson, Briskin and McPhail argue that before feminism can dismiss the liberal superwoman hobnobbing in the corporate lounge, social consciousness about change in Canada has to be exposed and reconstructed.

As long as individuals rely upon the government as the only legitimate agent of social change and the fear of change is instilled and exploited by red-baiting, the authors agree it is next to impossible to effect meaningful change—"Social change motivated by the desire to redistribute power and wealth cannot be understood within the context of the current ideology of change. In general, change is always feared and easily dismissed, regardless of what change is actually being advocated."

Their 'ideology of change' (which they consider "a significant contribution to the elaboration of socialist feminist analysis") is no more than a critique of representative democracy and the assumption that we live in a classless society where there are no vested interests protecting the status quo. It has been said before, but they do say it well:



## Inside

page 3,  
Susan Parr bites it  
and gay flicks don't

centrespread,  
Bad Seeds and TV  
loudmouths



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# The nicked chin of Susan Parr

by carl p wilson iii

In the late 1970s, playwright David Fennario looked to be one of the brightest lights in Canadian theatre. His politics were brash and radical, his ear for dialogue unerring, and his theatrical ideals clear. His 1979 bilingual hit *Balconville* was seen by over 60 000 Montréalers, many of whom had never before given a thought to the Pointe St-Charles workers that populate his dramas, and it met with critical acclaim in Ottawa, Winnipeg, Toronto and London, England.

But it seems that Fennario had no place left to go once having reached the "top" in commercial terms. In the past ten years, his progress as a playwright seems to have screeched to a halt, and the career that was once so exciting has become depressing.

Fennario's latest work, *The Murder of Susan Parr*, is running until March 19 at the Centaur theatre. Like most of Fennario's plays, the show is set in present-day Pointe St-Charles; unlike most of them, its treatment of the milieu is disappointingly sentimental. And the Centaur's production did nothing to ameliorate the problems in the script.

The basic concept was to do a 'thriller' set in the Pointe, using



a detective figure to root out the corruption and oppression that colours people's lives there. Though this is an intriguing idea, Fennario has not taken it anywhere. Instead, he's salted the tale with whiney monologues and pointless chit-chat and diluted the mixture to 'taste'. None of what the play tells us about

the Pointe goes much beyond working-class cliché. It is almost as though Fennario, a native of the Pointe, has lost touch with the day-to-day truths that *Balconville* portrayed so well and has been reduced to limp generalizations about 'social ills'.

The first act is the worst. Nearly half the play is taken up

by the exposition of a simple situation and the introduction of a bevy of dull characters.

It begins with Susan Parr, the doomed title character, giving a quavering speech about how the buildings being torn down or turned into condominiums are "like pieces of myself ((pause)) missing. And then all you have left are ((pause)) memories." Julie Miller delivered this speech and the other exactly like it throughout the act with a wispy 'sensitivity' that might be hazardous to the actress's health if anyone in the audience ever happens to have both a weak stomach and a loaded weapon.

The rest of the act is mostly concerned with the drunken antics of the detective character, Bryan Cleary (Tom Butler), an alcoholic, sexist fuck-up. Eventually enough is said about his background in the Pointe to 'justify' his drinking—a separation, brothers in jail, lost ambitions—but the sexism is seemingly Fennario's own.

Though the women were at least as well-rounded and absorbing as the men were (that is, not very), nobody showed any compunctions about milking ignorant laughter out of lines about banging broads, blowjobs and the like. Possibly Fennario's intention was to use the sexism as a lamentable character point, but the Centaur cast certainly played it as good, healthy fun. And that's only one of the reasons that Butler's highly stylized performance was more irritating than entertaining, despite his occasional success at capturing a theatrical moment.

By the time of the act break nearly all the two-dimensional characters (nice-with-faults or naughty-but-had-a-sad-life) had been introduced, the scene set and Fennario's flabby punches at such matters as condo conversion, language law, health care, aging hippies and bureaucracy thrown.

Overall, Act Two was much more stirring than its intermission-joined siamese twin. For one thing, Susan was dead, so except for the tape recording her mother listened to in the final scene we were spared further maudlin 'eloquence'. Also, it was revealed that the gang that murdered Susan and her skinhead friend Joey was running drugs under police payroll, so the plot finally got some steam into its engines. The resolution, which admitted the futility of trying to fight back, was also satisfying and was the only realistic response to the dilemma—had Cleary gone to the papers with documentation and gotten

the smuggling nogoodniks sent to the crowbar hotel, it would have been time to start throwing tomatoes.

However, the second half also introduced us to Rejean Bissette, a francophone narc—the only French character—played with consummate bigotry by Michel Perron as a fat viper hissing out an accent like Peter Lorre at his best. The other actors were as one in mediocrity, although each of the leads had good moments and Michael Rudder as drop-in centre activist Wayne Russell demonstrated a unique ability to deliver a strong character while mis-reading almost every line.

But Perron's Peter Lorre imitation actually suggested a more profitable use of the 'thriller in the Pointe' idea than Fennario has made. It might have been more telling to go all the way stylistically, let all of the minor characters except Cleary and perhaps Sandra be completely one-dimensional and play the whole thing *film noir*. The ironic awareness that this would have conferred upon the play would have been better than this droopy naïveté.

Besides all the flaws of the play and the production, there is an even more basic problem—Fennario's decision to return to the Centaur, which 'discovered' him in 1973. A few years ago, Fennario made an attempt to do theatre for rather than about the working classes, with two plays done in collaboration with Verdun's Black Rock Community Group and Toronto's Mixed Company. It is rare for North American theatre artists to have the courage to apply socialist principles beyond the content of their work and base their lifestyles and work processes on non-complicity with the élite, though this is fairly common on other continents. Fennario's example could have been pivotal.

But in the end Fennario's inability to organize and to get along with human beings scuttled the project and he scurried back to the Centaur. If Fennario still wishes to enlighten the working classes about their own plight, he ought to realize that not many of the folks from the Pointe will ever join the fuzzy coats and black miniskirts planning their after-theatre cocktails at intermission. Even a brilliant polemic delivered from the Centaur stage could never save Susan Parr's life. Theatre-going robber barons need fear no more from *The Murder of Susan Parr* than a nick on the chin from shaving away the stubble of conscience too clumsily.

## Gay flicks better

by Mani Haghighi

From the cave to the cultural salons of Greenwich Village, artists have striven to incorporate human sexuality into their fields in original ways. Echoes of this struggle were heard in Leacock 132 last Friday night, when the McGill Film Society, in collaboration with the Women's Union, presented the Second Annual Gay and Lesbian Film Festival.

Here, at the turn of the century, when our artistic attitudes toward sex seem to be clinging to nothing more glorious than Joan Collins's piling nipples, heterosexual art is increasingly becoming a reflection of decadence. If not stalled at stereotyping sexism (*Working Girl*), it is instead entertaining images of perversion (*Personal Services*, *Blue Velvet*). The few remaining accounts present heterosexuality as no more than a metaphor for loneliness (Christopher Hampton's *Les Liasons Dangereuses*, most modern American literature).

But the '80s have witnessed the emergence of a new wave of

gay art which has managed to gain access to the mainstream media and occasionally achieve success. Stephen Frears and Hanif Kureishi's collaboration, *My Beautiful Laundrette*, which attacked issues of racism and homophobia in Thatcher's England with surprising force, even won Kureishi an academy award nomination. Of course, Kureishi did not win—an openly gay artist has yet to address an acceptance speech to the Hollywood glitterati.

In light of this, it is appropriate of the McGill Film Society to be catching up on the current alternative cinema with shows like Friday night's. Unfortunately, for unknown reasons, only three of the nine or so scheduled films were screened. Of these, two were short, black-and-white experimental films with lesbian themes. The other, *The Place Between Our Bodies*, seemed to be a less than successful home movie about a gay couple who were suffering from a serious case of post-sixties hippie nostalgia.

The first clip, the surreal film-noir clone *Mayhem*, was more a

comic experiment than a document of lesbian experience. Shot in black and white with occasional intrusions by solarized and negative images, it concerned itself with homosexual themes only in passing. The other film too, was more inclined towards experimental fancy than sexual commentary. It mainly consisted of an absurd monologue which appeared in strange writing on the screen against the backdrop of a woman swimming in a pool. This balance between cinematic innovation and interest in sexuality added to the virtues of both films.

*The Place Between Our Bodies*, on the other hand, was neither graphically experimental nor sexually revealing. It was a long and tedious pornographic film with occasional traces of mild humour which were eventually drowned in the hodgepodge of boredom. Had the other scheduled films been screened, the tedium of the film would probably have been bearable, but as the night's main feature, *The Place...* greatly detracted from the quality of the show.



# See the ass

by Schmuck

This is the latest theory: performers hold their audiences in contempt. A love relationship between Nick Cave and his audience would be undeniably nauseating—who would want to hold up lighters and sway back and forth to the Desperado of Deluge himself anyway? If Nick and his Bad Seeds didn't despise their audience they might start to resemble Sammy Davis Jr. and his entourage doing benefit concerts.

Nicholas Edward Cave began as the vocal swamp-guru of the now mythical band the Birthday Party, in Australia circa 1976. They translated abomination into music and made abrasively haunting records. If imitation is

dissolution, members of the band had pursued other musical avenues as well. The Birthday Party and Nick Cave himself had musical intercourses with Lydia Lunch and Die Haut among others. Rowland S. Howard, gargoyle with a grating guitar, went on to lead Crime and the City Solution and These Immortal Souls into other dimensions of dissillusionment.

In 1983, Nick took fellow Party member Mick Harvey by the hand and conceived the Bad Seeds. The Bad Seeds became (and remains) the bastard child of Nick Cave's obsessions. The present lineup also enlists Thomas Wydler, formerly the drummer with Die Haut, Roland Wolf on piano and keyboards, Kid Congo Powers (cited as a weird loud Mexican), formerly of The Gun Club and briefly of The Cramps, and not finally Blixa Bargeld, guitar, the man and the myth behind Einstürzende Neubauten.

Since the Bad Seeds' breech-birth, four albums have been released, each its own variation of distorted traditional genres but with consistent motifs of scriptures, convicts, insanity and like... death. The pathetic thing about their latest release, *Tender Prey*, is the criticism it has(n't) received. Nick Cave has now become the music media's latest starlite. Could this be the mainstream deathknell? Does this disprove the theory of contempt that fuels Nick Cave's soul? Nick's gracing of this month's *Spin* magazine cover feels like urbanization, the media systematically draining his swamp.

Nick Cave does not confine himself solely to the aural media. He is in fact quite a well-

rounded young man. He appeared in Wim Wenders' *Wings of Desire* with the Bad Seeds in a performance clip of "Your Funeral My Trial". Cave, Bargeld and Harvey have just completed the soundtrack to an Australian film *Ghosts... of the Civil Dead*, based on a draft of Cave's, in which he plays (fittingly) a psychotic convict. Recently two of his books have been published. *King Ink* is a collection of lyrics, plays, prose and sketches (he did go to art school). *And the Ass Saw the Angel* is a fiction that took three years to complete and concerns the perceptive talents of a mute and a lot of biblical imagery.

St. Nick is now coming to town. Originally slated to appear at Foulfoules, the Bad Seeds have been rescheduled for the Rialto theatre February 13th. This could be the last time that those with any integrity can enjoy the Bad Seeds before they are reaped. Keep the contempt alive. For Nick Cave, its cessation could signal his reappropriation.



the most sincere form of flattery, the Birthday Party left a plethora of emulators in their wake. The Bat Cave phenomenon (you need only look at Specimen and Alien Sex Fiend) was thus inspired, not quite measuring up, and no doubt held in contempt by Nick and followers alike.

By 1983 the Birthday Party, in their own opinion, had become an albatross. Previous to their

# Unhiplistings

by Egg

Woodstock. It ended. So why are there all these leftover folkies? I've noted a recent influx. Breeding Season? Tofu crops at their peak? Le Chateau has started marketing tie-died Calvin Kleins? Yech. I hereby declare this Be Rude to a Flower Child Week. Really rude. Libelous.

Thursday the 9.

The ninth is my favourite day of every month. Holding Our Ground—A screening tonight chronicles the struggle of Filipino women trying to acquire the right to own land of their own. At Concordia Hall Building, 19h30. It's one of those NFB's. At noon in the ballroom, a lecture on Is World Culture Possible? I believe the theme is the dangerous global effects of lava lamps. Also at lunchtime, the No Free Lunch theatre troupe presents Brenton's Heads and Surprise Surprise by Michel Tremblay. Women's Union Potluck Supper—a scary thought, 'cause you never know what to bring, but new members welcome, and all those attempting to bring trailmix will be locked in an elevator with the Muzak version of Jesus Christ Superstar

piped in. Koyaanisqatsi (like, groovy, man, no U). Movie. Music by Philip Glass, Lea 132. Orange Ear Ensemble today tomorrow Saturday at Cafe Central. Cute guy with Brit accent says "Explosive." Right. Ban the bomb.

Friday the 10.

Tenths of the months don't generally interest me one way or the other.

Special Double-Bill, Jerry Garcia and the Thompson Twins. Sorry, there's just not much on tonight. But, another No Free Lunch (or even moderately-priced refreshment) Theatre show, this time, The Education of Skinny Spew and Surprise, Surprise. Bird, the story of the Great Charlie Parker, FDA 20h. Fifties, not sixties. Phew.

Saturday the 11.

Cultural Clash at Concordia. Jah Cuttah and Determination, Reggae. The Swinging Relatives, Ska. And Images, Dunno. This is about as exciting as a list of ingredients. Monosodium glutamate, 22mg. The festivities break loose at 20h, 20h15 if you're fashionably late. No flares. No fringed leather jackets. Room With a View in Lea 132. No fringed leather jackets there, either.

Monday the 13.

NICKNICKNICK. That's Cave, not Drake.

Tuesday the 14.

Wear red. Sneak in classrooms early and draw hearts on the board. Kiss strange people you've never met before. Do not confuse this with free love. Big Party at Foulfoules with High Yellow. It's chocolate and flowers day, and this is the only thing I know of going on, so go dammit. They're relatively new, extremely intriguing, glam speed-funk, meaning they don't do beads, sandals or mexican blankets. Opening band is Joe 90, apparently modern psychedelic, but not to be confused with Country Joe and the Fish.

Wednesday the 15.

Black History month activities... tonight in the Alley beginning at 19h, Performance evening. Gospel Reggae and African Dance. Hey, look what neat symbols I found on the keyboard. Also, Bob Marley: a must-see tribute for fans o' Bob. At Concordia, 19h, A Video Presentation and Lecture of the Reggae Legend. Capital letters are cool too. Enough is enough. I've got CSNY albums to bonfire. Bye.

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# Loudmouths pollute the tube

by Matthew McKeown

The American press is up in arms. A new generation of talk shows is threatening the way the public views the old 'objective' media industry. It is easy to think of them as 'the Big Five'—Phil Donahue (the oldest and least offensive), Oprah Winfrey, Sally Jesse Raphael, and the two that really have "respectable" journalists in an uproar, Geraldo Rivera and Morton Downey Jr.

Until recently, the presence of these shows was reason two hundred and six on the cross-Canada list of "Why I'm glad I don't live in the States." Fun to read about, but of no real concern. However, last month Sally and Geraldo became available on Montréal cable for the first time. And rumour has it that Morton and his cigarette are not far behind.

Phil and Oprah have been on here for quite a while. At best, Phil is quaint. He does shows about dresses designed for men and the like, and he occasionally has an enlightening guest or topic. Oprah works a more sentimental venue. A typical moment on the show was the time that Oprah asked in a poignantly dramatic voice,

"How many women here have had their man leave them?" There was a pause for a show of hands and an empathic nod from the hostess. "It really hurts, doesn't it?" Applause from the audience, and a group cry from the panel on stage.

So what about the new breed? Sally, who has been on cable for about three weeks, does not deviate from the Oprah/Phil mold. In fact, she seems to be a hybrid of the two. She handles the Phil standards—female sexuality, wife/child abuse, theories of child-rearing, etc.—and she also picks up on Oprah's bing on relationships.

Geraldo's formula is fairly simple. He is like a supermarket tabloid. He digs up horrific media issues, a variety of freaks, and very marginal groups of people that are presented as something "we all have to deal with."

It is easy to dismiss Geraldo as a fame-seeking fool who is as

leazy as the subject matter he presents. If you watch carefully, though, a pattern emerges. He constantly comes back to eccentric, even "sick" lifestyles as a subject for the show. And they are always packaged with members of some farcical right-wing organization talking about why the marginal group (regardless of whether the group is nazis, nudists, or satanists) is at the vanguard of society's downfall. The organization basically serves as comic relief.

He is most famous for an incident where his nose was broken during a show that featured white supremacists and Jewish leaders. White supremacists are popular on these shows because they will say stupid things on camera, and they thrive on the environment of hate that they create in the studio.

In this regard, Geraldo has something in common with them. He whips the panel and audience up into the fever pitch that he prefers. Then he does his best schtick—he turns to the camera with a desperately con-

cerned look on his face and says, "Parents, please... if you have children in the room, please take them away immediately." This pseudo-censorship undoubtedly has the intended reverse effect, boosts the under-10 demographics and makes the breakfast cereal sponsors happy.

He aspires to be the spokesperson for a forgotten class of American whites. The problem is, while he purports to be their advocate, he is reinforcing the prejudices and small-minded thinking that have helped to create the class in the first place. He is not helping his followers by offering his version of the

supporter of American industry. He believes that criminals run the justice system, and that everyone under eighteen is on crack. He wears pin-stripe shirts just because they look bad on camera, and his ever-present cigarette is his idea of an affront to how TV personalities are supposed to present themselves in the eighties.

This month's Rialto feature highlights what's wrong with film today—movies don't tell stories.

The plot of *Track 29* is simplistic. A woman leaves her unloveable husband.

She could have just waved goodbye and walked out the door but then there would be no story. So a lot of quirky things have to happen before she gets out. A Sid Vicious type appears, lusty and childish, played by Gary Oldman who, probably not coincidentally, played Vicious in *Sid and Nancy*. Zany escapades (ie., not much plot) follow and dark, sweltering secrets are revealed.

This film is such a snoozer that even director Nicolas Roeg's graphic adrenaline pumper climax draws mostly twitching yawns. *Track 29* is gratuitously weird, and it's hard to identify with the cartoons played by Oldman, Theresa Russell as Roeg's wife, or that proto-'giant' Christopher Lloyd as the unloveable husband.

Sid exists only in the wife's imagination but becomes the antagonist writer Dennis Potter (*The Singing Detective*) hoped to use to bounce around the leaving-her-husband idea. Sid might have been a clever catalyst to her character development. Instead, he's just annoying.

Russell's character is reminiscent of Kathleen Turner, for sultry and smouldering with de-sire. But you gotta wonder what such a bombshell is doing call-

"truth about AIDS." He does a great disservice to the very people that he is supposed to represent.

On a show where a forward-thinking individual was discussing the environment, Mort interrupted by saying, "Look, the average American doesn't care about that. All the average American cares about is the jingle-jangle in his pocket." (His or her pocket, Mort.) He uses sensational/shock gimmicks, such as on an episode concerning criminals' rights: A noose swung down in front of him. He grabbed it and said, "I say hang the creeps by the testicles."

The truly terrifying thing about the show is how real it is.

To call "Morton Downey Jr." a talk show or to call Mort a talk show host is a bit of a misnomer. There is no discussion on his show, just screaming. It's the nation's dinner table—an issue comes up and everyone screams their opinion at each other until Dad (Mort) shuts everyone up and tells them how it is. Fights break out on stage, guests are verbally pummeled or simply insulted. The action always centers around abuse.

To discuss the impact of these shows would be a mistake. They are a reflection of what American society is thinking about (or what they want to be thinking

continued on page 6

## 29 goes off the track

by Jeff Cossette

ing a preoccupied turkey like Christopher Lloyd "daddy".

These characters are so flat that we feel none of Russell's sometimes hysterical anxiety as the film abruptly shifts from reality to fantasy. It all becomes a bit "enigmatic" after a while.

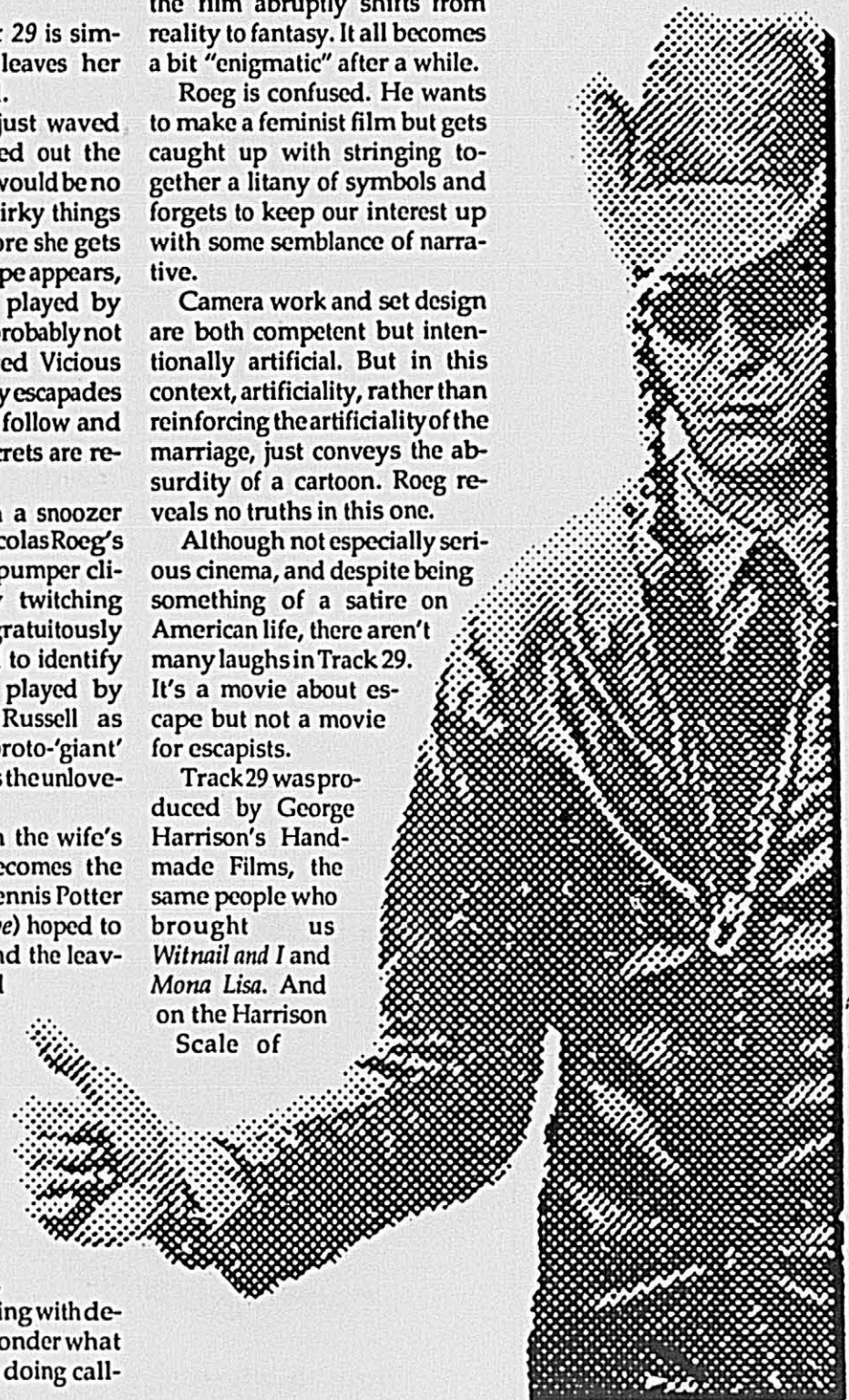
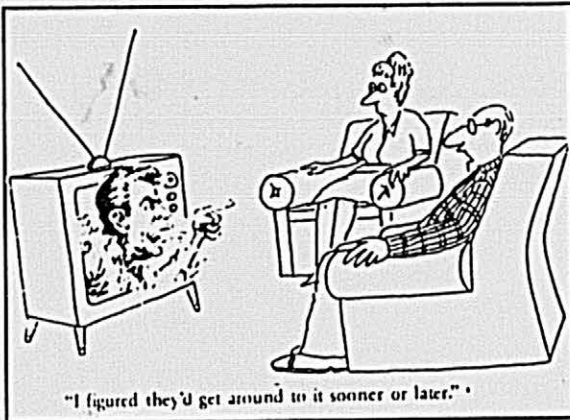
Roeg is confused. He wants to make a feminist film but gets caught up with stringing together a litany of symbols and forgets to keep our interest up with some semblance of narrative.

Camera work and set design are both competent but intentionally artificial. But in this context, artificiality, rather than reinforcing the artificiality of the marriage, just conveys the absurdity of a cartoon. Roeg reveals no truths in this one.

Although not especially serious cinema, and despite being something of a satire on American life, there aren't many laughs in *Track 29*. It's a movie about escape but not a movie for escapist.

*Track 29* was produced by George Harrison's Hand-made Films, the same people who brought us *Witnail and I* and *Mona Lisa*. And on the Harrison Scale of

Art Appreciation, with "Here Comes the Sun" somewhere near the top and "All Those Years Ago" at the bottom, *Track 29* is a "Dark Horse".









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Hey Bowling Ball! Bon anniversaire, eh? Just think, now you're legal back in B.C. Love, all your Friends on 7th, plus a few more.

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McGill Hellenic Association: Annual dance. Sat., Feb. 11/89, 20h. Hellenic Community Centre, 5757 Wilderton Ave. Door prize: one round trip ticket to Greece.

Attention McGill Women: Potluck supper awaiting you Thursday evening, Feb. 9, Pleasant atmosphere and new friends will welcome you. Info: 398-6823 (12h-16h weekdays). McGill Women's Union. Don't be shy, drop by!

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Students running for SSMU executive positions (VPs External Affairs, Internal, University Affairs, Finance and President), please contact Mitu at 398-6784/5 as soon as possible.

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